

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

DOW MEDICAL COLLEE CLASS OF 1985

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A Tribute to Sameena Khan

By

Family and Friends

Edited by: Saleem A Khanani



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

الحمد لله

This is the second annual issue of the DMC Class of 1985 Digital Magazine. Thank you my friends and class fellows for your continued support and appreciation.

حنا قریشی

DMC 1997

تخلیق ہوئی اور وجود ملا
وجود ہے اور میں مکمل ہوں
کمال تیرا ہے کہ تو کامل ہے
شکر تیرا ہے کہ میں مکمل ہوں
میں وہ قطرہ کہ منجمد تھا
تیرا کن فیکن میں مکمل ہوں
دکھ سکھ حوادث ہوں یہ معجزات
لوح محفوظ میں بھی میں مکمل ہوں
تو ازل وابد سے کامل ہے
تیری تخلیق سے میں مکمل ہوں

My Mother Sameena Khan: A tribute by Jahanzeb Ali Khan MD

It is no mystery that Dr. Sameena is my mother. To say that she is a force of nature would not be an exaggeration. God smiled upon me when he decided to incorporate half her genetic code in mine. She has proven to be resilient beyond all expectations and gone so far as to provide inspiration to countless people without ever holding public office. If there was a ministry of morale – she would be the one in charge. She has the uncanny ability to metabolize negativity into positivity. From her I have learned many life lessons (and hope to continue to do so for several decades still God be Willing), chief among them is the one she unwittingly taught me – fortitude. Growing up she gave me a code of right and wrong, she gave me hope, strength, sacrificed many hours helping with homework while teaching life lessons of how best to behave with peers – I admit I was overly sensitive and that trait required some tempering.

I went to St. Peter's school for a few years while we lived in Gulberg – a commute of about 2 hours on the bus. My most amazing days were when she would show up out of the blue in her little Toyota Starlet honking the triumvirate horn that allowed me to seek her out in the insane crowd of cars. She would then proceed to treat me to things like ice cream and hot chocolate. Those were such fun times. My fondest school memories returning home are with her. This is a time before cell phones (7 – 8 BC) and I caught myself wishing she was there every time school ended. I remember when she got her first job after finishing med-school she started to work at Shifa Hospital, with her first paycheck she brought home a few toys, chief among them was a wind up frog that swam in the water – it was the coolest thing I had seen 'till that moment – I loved it.

She protected me from many bad influences during my childhood and I never realized how big a favor that was until much later. One big reason why my conversational English is nearly flawless is primarily due to the fact that my mother stubbornly advocated that I be privately tutored by an English speaking tutor. I was to speak with this gentleman in English only. Although she was met with resistance on this front along with a private schooling for me she stuck to her guns.

One of her most remarkable sacrifices among the countless that I can probably never recall was during my intermediate (college) years when she would take me to 5 different tutors all over town during

“Operation Sindh”, otherwise known as the Great Muhajir Culling. She would drive all me over town and then usually visit a nearby distasteful relative to wait out the duration of the lecture. I never saw the magnitude of this sacrifice then. Perspective is such a fickle thing. I distinctly remember once, when the conflict was at its peak she told me to be wary of the sound of gunfire and to duck if I heard anything remotely sounding like a gun going off. I asked her what she would do; she said that she would try to drive out of the area as quickly as she could. I found her courage to be admirable even then.

Now that I recall my childhood I am reminded of how she loved to drive. It was, by her own admission one of the truest pleasures that life had granted her. I remember we used to talk for hours while being stuck in traffic or visiting Tariq road, Universal – the book store in Bahadurabad that she loved to frequent. We would have so much fun. She loved going on long drives. I remember even if she was upset the moment before she sat in the driver's seat as soon as she did her affect brightened and her mood lifted and she reverted to the free spirited person that nature had always intended her to be despite its many efforts throughout her life to clip her wings.

For those among you who know her closely know that she has had to deal with some medical challenges – I want to testify that she has met them all with the spirit of a warrior. She has returned like a phoenix from the ashes glowing brighter with every re-incarnation. Coming from me it might appear a trivial sentiment – but I like to think that as a consequence of the life she has led with stoic resolve and resolute perseverance she is an inspiration to us all.

Very commonly you hear people saying that they owe their parent(s) their life – but in my case my “Life”, which includes such things as career, marriage, children and continued growth are a direct result of the investments she made in my character as a boy, a teenager and an adult. It is my most solemn prayer to Allah that my sister and I continue to benefit from her wisdom and bask in her shade for many more decades. She continues to be a fount of seemingly infinite wisdom and there are many things I have yet to learn from her. I only wish I was as intelligent as her.

My Best Friend by Farrukh Hashmi

Saleem Bha has again given me a tough assignment to do! To write about Samina Khan 😊

Although it's a very simple request, it has opened floodgates of memories, times spent together with her and her lovely family. I am wondering where to start and what to say about a lady who is my BEST of THE BEST friends.

I can probably write a book about her or make a movie if I were to tell the life story of Sam (as we call her now) to Fatima Sureya Bajiy. She would definitely turn it into a all-time hit TV drama serial. But amongst the many things I can say, tell or write about my dearest friend Sam, I will simply tell how we became friend, almost 36 years ago.

It was one afternoon a month or two after we had entered our alma mater that I saw a very beautiful girl sitting on the stairs of Moeen Auditorium with some friends. They were also new to me but we used to sit and talk here and there. When I saw that beautiful girl, I was kind of moonstruck by her beauty, and I thought I should get to know who she was. I waited for that perfect moment when other girls were not around and she was alone. She was waiting for her friends to come out of the girls' common Room.. I approached her and said, "Assalam-o- Alaikum. Kia aap first year main hain?" I am sure all of you remember that pet sentence when the boy first met the girl!

She looked up at me and, with her eyes squinted, said, "Who are you?" I was puzzled for a few moments but being very Dheeat I said "Mera namm Farrukh Hashmi hay and I am in first year."

She said, "Hmmm tou aap hain Farrukh Hashmi? Khabbardarr! Ainddah mujjah say baat karnay ki jurrat nahh karnna." I was like "WHATTTT?? What have I done??" I asked her why she said that when I did not

even know her. She said, "I know you very well and I have heard a lot about you; you are a very Budd-tammez admi.and a Ghunda. I don't talk to people like you"

That was it. I walked away dejected and wondering who she was and who gave her such a wrong impression about me? 😊

I went back to the area under the yum yum tree, stood under its shade and looking around to see who her kind-hearted friends were who could have painted such a villainous picture of me. It was not long before I saw her friends and I thought, 'GOT IT'. I knew who told her about me and I could help smile. In my heart I promised to myself that I would make this girl my best friend. From that day onwards I literally did my best not only to make her my BEST of the best friends but I also became a best friend with her Hubby (Aijaz Bhai), her father (one of the noblest man I ever met) and her mother. Auntie was the sweetest lady ever! She was like a mother to me. May Allah give her the highest place in Jannat. Amen! I became her kids' Mammoun and I love Naveen and Jahanzeb as my own children. Now their kids are the apples of my eye, Ma'sha Allah.

Sam is a great human being, a wonderful daughter to her parents who loved her like anything, a great mother and now a great Grandma.

God has given her many talents. She is a born psychiatrist, a singer and a wonderful poet. Very few know how wonderful her Ghazals are as she is naturally shy and won't share her work with many)

I wish her all the happiness and health in the world. She is the elder sister I never ha . She is God Mother to my daughter, and above all, she is MY FRIEND 😊

Love you Sam and May Allah always bless you with joy and happiness. Amen!

Sameena Khan – my friend

Samreena Hashmi

Writing for Sameena is like writing about someone I've grown up with. It's like writing about that 'taken for granted' sister, the sister who is effortlessly around you at all times. The sister you never thought you'd have to sit down and reflect upon. She's the friend who has been there through every moment of my life. Moments that one sometimes doesn't even acknowledge as moments to remember, as well as moments that hold a special place in my life-all my happy, bittersweet and painful moments.

Where do I begin from; I've known Sameena since 1975, we both collided into one another as intermediate students of St. Josephs College for Women. There were 13 Sameenas in our class and I had the pleasure of choosing and sticking to the one and only Sameena Ishtiaq, now known as Sameena Khan or 'Sam' Khan.



Apart from our duo, our St. Josephs life consisted of our group of 4 very close friends: the other two girls were Zia Samdani and Shehnaz Kassam Ali Karim

Our main mischiefs ranged from reflecting light off a mirror onto our chemistry teacher's face to crawling away from biology class to sit in the common room and sing. I used to beat the stool as a drum and Sameena used to sing songs. We would jump the wall between school and college and run away to watch movies. We also had the same point that took us home and we would also sing and drum in the college point. We used to collect money from all our class fellows, crawl outside the classroom, crawl back inside and bring back 'bhuttas' and 'chaanas' for everyone. Once when a new male physics teacher arrived all four of us wore dark red lipsticks and sat on the front desk and started staring at him. I recall that this made him so nervous that he repeatedly dropped the chalk and duster.

One fond memory of ours is that right after intermediate we both got our contact lenses at the same time from the same optician who still happens to be our optician.

Just because two years were never going to be enough with Sameena, she along with the whole of 'Section C' of St. Josephs became medical students of Dow Medical College.



Sameena got married to Aijaz Bhai after Intermediate which is another chapter of her life.



Our bond became stronger as my father and Aijaz Bhai were strong workers of PPP in our area. I would drive and most of the time I would pick and drop Sameena from home. Most days I would have lunch at her house. I would casually go straight to the kitchen, peep into pots and say "what's for lunch?" Sameena's mother loved it and I used to sing mukesh songs for her and eat her lovely food, which I miss a lot. My father loved calling Sameena 'R-less' as that's the only letter missing from my name. Sameena is also dearly loved by everyone in my family- my siblings and my children.



Picture at Sam's house- Aunty is in the middle with Jahanzeb (Sameena's son)

While going to DMC we used to race with everyone on the road. Whenever we wanted to annoy someone I would move the car just beside the other car and Sameena would peek her face inside their window, then we would race away.



The pictures above show our famous DMC trio, which included Farrukh Hashmi

This famous trio would sit in DMC till all the buses left; we would sit in the Canteen, on the window sills, on the very famous Muin Auditorium stairs, and just about everywhere.

We celebrated birthday parties of all the friends in our clinical batch as well birthdays of those who were not. All of us would contribute by bringing one dish for the party and the senior and junior 'sathis' of NSF used to join in.





The days of DMC cannot be described, they can only be experienced. Very honestly, words cannot do justice to the joys of those days.

During our 4th year exams Sameena and I had an accident. We were having our usual fun when my car toppled upside down on Tipu Sultan road while we were over speeding. Sameena had her Tibia fractured and I was in concussion for 24 hours along with fractured ribs. One funny memory of that time was that even though we had had an accident we were so full of life

that the only thing Sameena could think of was the music cassette of her favorite Demis Roussos that was left inside the car, which I obviously crawled inside to rescue.

From Feb'85 to 89 through my house job, my mother's illness and my personal tragedies I was unable to stay in contact with Sameena, but distance never changed anything and we started off from where we had left.

Pictures: 1986, 1987, when I wasn't with Sam Khan

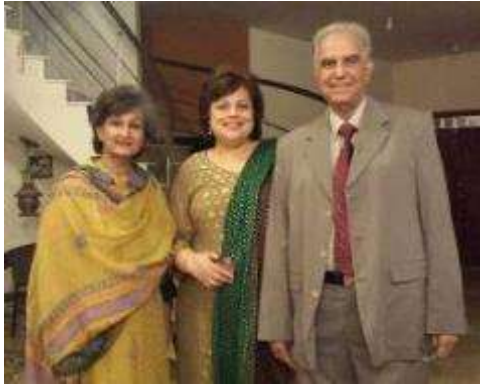


After my Mother's death, I moved to Ireland as I had gotten married. I couldn't keep in touch with Sameena on a daily basis and I would sometimes call her from England but nothing more than that.

She has been so loyal and sincere, not just as a best friend but like a family member. She kept contact with my family and my sisters loved her like an elder sister. They would run to her in each and every problem. She was there for my family all the time, despite the fact that i couldn't even call her.

When I came back to Pakistan in 1998, I started working in my mother's hospital and somehow we got back together after which I convinced her to work with me. Clinics with her were always fun. Sameena is a great listener and she always proved to be a good counselor for my patients. She was always spreading positive vibes mixed with a bit of humor that my staff also greatly enjoyed. After clinics, we would usually walk home together and have a nice meal.





During my difficult times, Sameena and Aijaz bhai always stood by me through thick and thin. I would give them a call at 2am and they would be present at my doorstep. I have recollections of Sameena being present all the time whether it was during my hysterectomy, laparotomies or biopsies etc. She supported me whenever i needed it and brought me back to feel like myself again and interact with the same people and circle of friends. Sameena would always calm me down and motivate me to keep going and remain strong.

I really do not know how to describe our friendship. Sameena had and has always tried to put sense into me, but i never listen to her (and that never stops her from trying) and whenever i get into trouble she is ever present without uttering a word. Sameena is a beautiful person inside out; she is a big dreamer and philosopher at heart. Put metaphorically and comparatively, she was always the 'thinker' while I was the 'doer'; she was always the 'pragmatic' whereas I was the 'impulse'.

All I have to say is I have spent such a wonderful journey with my best friend Sameena; this journey encompasses a sea of memories, so much so that each time I begin to write a sentence, multitudes of other memories attached to it come rushing to my mind. The clichéd yet famous quotation goes "Some things are better left unsaid" and it holds so true for the bond Sameena and I share wherein there are so many things about us that only her and I can understand, or that can only be explained through the experiences we have shared together.

In the end I'll end with a lovely quotation and say that even sisters do not stay together this long and I love you Sameena, don't know what I would do without you.





“But oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject; with whom one's deepest as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort - the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person - having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together; certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.”

— Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, *A Life for a Life*



Sameena Khan: dekhney main bholi...chalney main goli

Picture this. The year is 2010. It's December in Karachi, no different to any other time in Karachi except less hot and stifling.

It is the first day of D85s 25th reunion, there has already been a lot of air kissing and the half-truths of "OMGs you look great" mixed with the sincere joy of catching up with friends from long ago.

A token CME program complete with paper plane missiles has been done and now it's meet and greet time at (where else but) the snack corner.

The hidden shutter bug in us is out in full force, pictures are being clicked everywhere, I am guilty myself if being invited into a few groups but mostly photo bombing pictures of unsuspecting nice people. The signature cups of snack corner tea are in high demand, we drank the available supply and a fresh cauldron needed to be brewed to keep up with the demand of 50 something's high on life and nostalgia.

While waiting for my cup, i took this picture of Sam, as she posed with the obligatory smile I offered her an alternative to the usual "say cheese!" The smile got mischievous and that picture from being a picture became for us "the picture"

It symbolizes Sam as I know her, beautiful, with a killer smile and sense of humor to die for. She possesses amazing wit in speech and writing clever, ingenious, humorous, occasionally acerbic but always side splitting. There is no topic that is off limits; no judgments either she will give you honest opinion and sincere compliments. Everything is funnier when she is around.

When Sam and Samrina team up they are formidable pair, theirs is ultimate female friendship, forged over decades of shared joys and tears and songs. Like Samrina, Sam can carry a tune and rather well I might add. Many an afternoon in the girls common room were spent listening to Sam and Samrina singing ghazals with impromptu lyrics constructed there and then... mostly on innocent passerby's!

My friends will perhaps write more eloquent about Sam, but for me she is the friend who apart from being the master of quips and one liners inspires you "ponder" slightly surrealistic ideas.

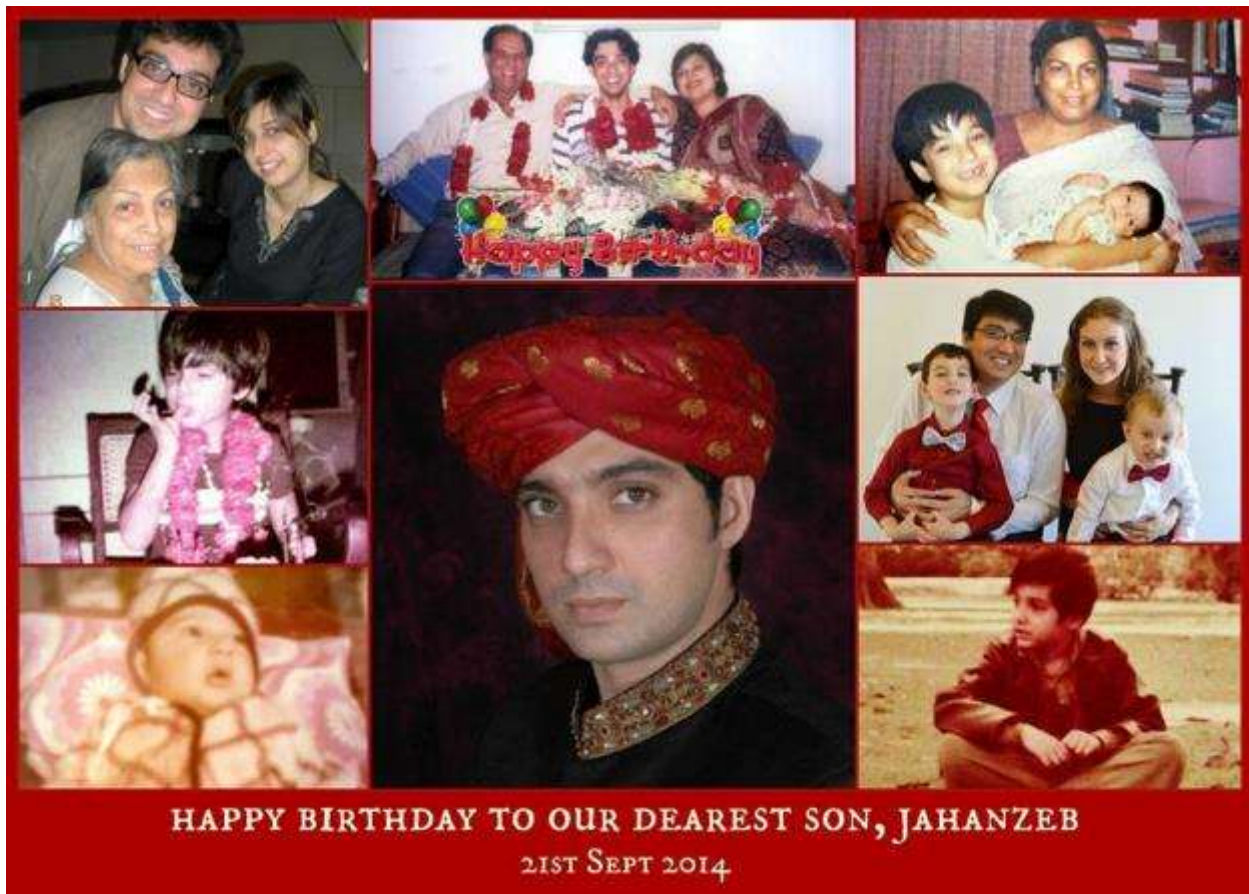
Finally you may or may not be wondering what i said to bring out the beatific smile in this picture but I digress because like her other dear friend Farrukh I too am a little afraid of Sam!

PS: The inspired title of this rant is from the back of a truck in Karachi

SAMEENA WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY

COURTESY SONIA POSHNI





SAMEENA KHAN – THE POETESS

سوچتی ہوں کیا لکھوں

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

آج ان کو دیکھا ہے

نیند کے درپوں سے

بند بند آنکھوں سے

خواب کے جزیروں پہ

کتنے رنگ بکھرے تھے

کیسے کیسے پیارے لوگ

جو کہیں نہیں موجود

مجھ سے ملنے آئے تھے

مجھ کو چاہنے والے

موہنے سچیلے لوگ

خواب بن گئے جو لوگ

کیوں پچھڑ گئے وہ لوگ

خواب

آج پھر دیکھا ہے وہ خواب حسین
مسکراتی ہوئی کلیاں
مرے بچے، مرے اپنے، پیارے
ہاتھ میں ہاتھ دیے گھومتے پھرتے، ہنستے
زندگی کی اسی شاہراہ پہ آگے بڑھتے
وہ میری ماں کا شفق رنگ، گلابی چہرہ
وہ مرے پیارے، مرے دل کے سہارے، سارے
ساتھ میرے کسی خوش رنگ سی پگڈنڈی پہ
میرے ہاتھوں میں دیے ہاتھ چلے جاتے ہیں
زندگی کتنی مکمل ہے حسین خوابوں میں
کاش یہ خواب یونہی چلتا رہے
میرا پہلو یونہی آباد رہے پھولوں سے
زندگی، اور ذرا مجھ کو تو ہنس لینے دے
مجھ کو بیدار نہ کر، نیند میں کھو لینے دے
کیونکہ یہ نیند ہی ہے جو مجھ کو
پھر سے خوشبو بھرے لمحوں میں لئے جاتی ہے
جب مرے جان سے پیارے رشتے
میرے ہمراہ، مرے پاس اسی گھر میں تھے
ثمینہ خان

مت اٹھا مجھ کو تو اے گرم کرن سورج کی
تیری حدت سے مرے خواب جلے جاتے ہیں
چھوٹ جاتا ہے میرا ہاتھ مرے پیاروں سے
ان کی خوشبو مرے پہلو سے بکھر جاتی ہے
زندگی، مجھ کو نہیں جینا ہے
زندگی مجھ کو نہیں رہنا ہے
تیرے تلخی بھرے،
ویران شب و روز کے اس پنجرے میں
مجھ کو سو جانے دے
واپس وہیں جانے دے، جہاں
میرے بکھرے ہوئے رشتے مجھے مل جاتے ہیں
مجھ کو لادے میری یادوں کا وہ آئینہ جہاں شام و سحر میرے ہیں
میرے پیاروں کی ہنسی کی آواز
تنتلیوں جیسے دھنک رنگ سے روشن دن رات
جیسے جگنو سے فضاؤں میں اڑے جاتے ہوں
مسکراتے ہوئے چہرے وہ مرے لبوں کے
یوں مجھ سے نہ چھین
مجھے سونے دے
میرے پیاروں میں مجھے رہنے دے...

Syed Razi Muhammad

وَلَا تَقُولُوا لِمَنْ يُقْتَلُ فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ أَمْوَاتٌ **بَلْ أَحْيَاءٌ** وَلَكِنْ لَا تَشْعُرُونَ

And do not say about those who are killed in the way of Allah, "They are dead." Rather, they are alive, but you perceive [it] not.

وَلَا تَحْسَبَنَّ الَّذِينَ قُتِلُوا فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ أَمْوَاتًا **بَلْ أَحْيَاءٌ** عِنْدَ رَبِّهِمْ يُرْزَقُونَ فَرِحِينَ بِمَا آتَاهُمُ اللَّهُ مِنْ فَضْلِهِ وَيَسْتَبْشِرُونَ بِالَّذِينَ لَمْ يَلْحَقُوا بِهِمْ مِنْ خَلْفِهِمْ أَلَّا خَوْفٌ عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا هُمْ يَحْزَنُونَ يَسْتَبْشِرُونَ بِنِعْمَةِ اللَّهِ وَفَضْلٍ وَأَنَّ اللَّهَ لَا يُضِيعُ أَجْرَ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ

And never think of those who have been killed in the cause of Allah as dead. Rather, they are alive with their Lord, receiving provision. Rejoicing in what Allah has bestowed upon them of His bounty, and they receive good tidings about those [to be martyred] after them who have not yet joined them - that there will be no fear concerning them, nor will they grieve. They receive good tidings of favor from Allah and bounty and [of the fact] that Allah does not allow the reward of believers to be lost.

عن أبي سعيد الخدري قال قال رسول الله ﷺ

الحسن والحسين سيда شباب أهل الجنة

The Holy Prophet, peace be upon him said, "Hassan and Hussain are the leaders of the young people of Paradise."

عن أبي هريرة : أن النبي ﷺ قال للحسن : اللهم إني أحبه فأحبه وأحب من يحبه

The Holy Prophet, peace be upon him said regarding Hassan, "O Allah! Indeed I love him so You love him and love whoever loves him."

Imam Husain could never accept a life of humiliation. He said in Kerbala "Death with dignity is better than the life with humiliation".

Once a man asked Imam Husain AS, "What is a man's ornament?"

Imam replied, "Knowledge associated with intelligence."

The man insisted, "If this be not available, what then?"

Imam replied, "Wealth accompanied with generosity..

He asked "What if this be out of reach?"

Imam said, "Poverty allied with patience".

He continued: "What if this be not practicable?"

Imam smiled and said, "Let the lightening consume the man to ashes."

Imam Husain AS was a great advocate of freedom of body and mind. He once said "Charity creates freedom from want."

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At Kerbala, facing the army of Yezid, Imam Hussain addressed them "My parents did not raise me to submit myself to an evil tyrant. I am your Imam and it is my duty to tell you that you have surrendered the freedom of your mind to the evil ways of Yazid. If you do not care for Islam, and do not fear the Day of Judgment at least do care for that precious gift from Allah, the freedom of your spirit!"

On the night of tenth Muharram, the Imam advised and persuaded his companions to leave him alone with the enemy. He even turned the lanterns off so that they do not stay merely due to shame. He removed his allegiance and asked that they are free to take one of his family members and walk away. The old and the young among his family members and companions declared that death in the way of God was a better choice in their view.

The Imam ('a) blessed them with eternal freedom for their free choice. The responses of Muslim ibn 'Awsajah, 'Abbas ibn 'Ali, 'Ali Akbar ibn al-Husayn, al-Qasim ibn al-Hasan and others brought tears to the eyes of the Imam ('a). Not only men but the womenfolk of his family and those accompanying his companions offered their loyalty and exhorted their husbands and sons to make their own free choice for sacrificing their lives. Hence women played a very important role in the 'Ashura' movement of the Imam ('a), highlighting the role and freedom that Islam has bestowed upon them.

نیا سلام شبِ نو محرم ۱۴۳۶۔ سید رضی مجدد

رگوں میں حر کی مگر اب لہو حسین کا ہے
کہ اس کے زادِ سفر میں عفو حسین کا ہے

لباسِ دین ملا خلق کو مجدد سے
اور اس لباس میں کارِ رفو حسین کا ہے

پلٹ گئیں سبھی رجعت پسندیاں کہہ کر
کشادہ ذہن بہت راہِ رو حسین کا ہے

جہاں میں کوئی بھی تحریک ہو حریت کی
یا انقلاب ہو، رگ میں لہو حسین کا ہے

جہاں تازہ کہ ہے خونِ انقلاب سے سرخ
کہیں سے دیکھ لو، یہ کو بہ کو حسین کا ہے

ہر ایک ظلم کا بانی ہے گویا مثلِ یزید
مزاہمت میں بہے جو لہو حسین کا ہے

بقائے دین، لے قربانیاں مجدد کی
یہ سرِ علی کا ہے اور یہ گلو حسین کا ہے

"حسینِ منی" کو دشمن بھی خوب جانتا تھا
عدوئے دینِ مجدد، عدو حسین کا ہے

میں پی رہا ہوں مسلسل جو معرفت کی مے
عطائے رب ہے کہ یاں بھی سبو حسین کا ہے

حسین کا جو ہے، وہ منسلک حضور سے ہے
حضور کا ہے جو، وہ ہو بہو حسین کا ہے

رضی کے بچے جو فرشِ عزا پہ بیٹھے ہیں
انہی کی نسل ہیں، جن کا لہو حسین کا ہے

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IMAM HUSSAIN AS

Mahatama Gandhi

"I learnt from Hussain how to achieve victory while being oppressed.

If India wants to be a successful country, it must follow in the footsteps of Imam Hussain (AS)."

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru: India's 1st Prime Minister

"Imam Hussain's sacrifice is for all groups and communities, an example of the path of righteousness."

Edward Gibbon (English historian and a member of parliament)

"In a distant age and climate the tragic scene of the death of Hussain will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader."

[The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, London, 1911, volume 5, pp391-2]

Rabindranath Tagore (Indian Nobel Prize in Literature 1913)

"In order to keep alive justice and truth, instead of an army or weapons, success can be achieved by sacrificing lives, exactly what Imam Hussain did. Imam Hussain is the leader of humanity."

Dr. Rajendra Prasad (1st President of India)

"The sacrifice of Imam Hussain is not limited to one country, or nation, but it is the hereditary state of the brotherhood of all mankind."

Dr. Radha Krishnan (Former President of India)

"Though Imam Hussain gave his life almost 1300 years ago, but his indestructible soul rules the hearts of people even today."

Sarojini Naidu (Great India Poetess titled Nightingale of India)

"I congratulate Muslims that from among them, Hussain, a great human being was born who is revered and honored totally by all communities."

Thomas Carlyle (Scottish historian and essayist)

"The best lesson which we get from the tragedy of Cerebella is that Husain and his companions were rigid believers in God. They illustrated that the numerical superiority does not count when it comes to the truth and the falsehood. The victory of Husain, despite his minority, marvels me!"

Charles Dickens (English novelist)

"If Husain had fought to quench his worldly desires...then I do not understand why his sister, wife, and children accompanied him. It stands to reason therefore, that he sacrificed purely for Islam."

Sir William Muir (Scottish orientalist)

“The tragedy of Karbala decided not only the fate of the Caliphate, but also of Mohammadan kingdoms long after the Caliphate had waned and is appeared.” (Annals of the Early Caliphate, London, 1883, p.441-442)

Antoine Bara (Lebanese writer)

“No battle in the modern and past history of mankind has earned more sympathy and admiration as well as provided more lessons than the martyrdom of Husayn in the battle of Karbala.”
(Husayn in Christian Ideology)

Josh Malihabadi (Shaayar-e-Inqilaab or The Revolutionary Poet)

انسان کو بیدار تو بولینے دو
ہر قوم پکارے گی ہمارے ہیں حسین

(Let humanity wake up and every nation will claim Hussain as their own.)

Maulana Mohammad Ali Jauhar (Pioneer of the Khilafat Movement and a dauntless fighter in the struggle of independence)

قتل حسین اصل میں مرگ یزید ہے
اسلام زندہ ہوتا ہے ہر کربلا کے بعد

(In the murder of Hussain, lies the death of Yazid, for Islam resurrects after every Karbala).

Nadeem Zafar

"Imam Hussain made the ultimate submission."

Izhar Khan

"For me Imam Hussain was a revolutionary martyr of the highest order".

“Karbala was the crucible in which Hussain and his companions forged the sword carried by the oppressed against the forces of tyranny till this day.”

Historic churches of Karachi

Sohail Ansari D83

After Hindus, Christians are Pakistan's second largest minority group representing of the country's overwhelmingly Muslim population. The total number of Christians in Pakistan was estimated at 2.5 million in 2005, or 1.6% of the population. Of these, approximately half are Roman Catholic and the other half Protestant.

Most Christians who came to modern day Pakistan were resident officers of the British Army and the government. The British and Irish established a large Catholic community by bringing people from Goa who helped in the development of Karachi's infrastructure. Most of them were employed in clerical and office jobs. Later converts to Christianity mostly include Hindus from lower castes and a lot of them are Punjabi speaking. They have not progressed much and continue doing menial jobs with only a few moving up the ladder.

Christians constitute about 2% of the population of Karachi. The Roman Catholic diocese of Karachi estimates that there are 120,000 Catholics in Karachi. Karachi's Christian community has traditionally been dominated by Catholics of Goan ancestry that descended from the former Portuguese colony of India.

However, the history of Christianity in Karachi dates back to 1618 when Portuguese Carmelites came from Persia to modern day Pakistan area to establish a church in Thatta. The number of Christian community was about 150 at that time. Thatta was the provincial capital then under the Moghuls. Augustinian Fathers arrived with a letter from the Archbishop of Goa when Carmelite Fathers Balthasar and Elias were there. They were given a residential permit from Emperor Jahangir. But in the regime of Shah Jahan, their churches were demolished.

The first Chaplains of Karachi came in 1840 and their names were Revs. C. Sandys, J.N. Allen and J.G. Spring. From 1843 to 48 the Rev. H.H. Breton held the post of Chaplain, and he was followed by the Rev. J. Watson who was chaplain here till 1850 to be in his turn followed by the Rev. W. Carr who was chaplain for no less than eleven years from 1850 to 1861.

Sedgwick reported on the population of Karachi in 1921 to include 46.3% Muslims, 46.4 Hindus and 4.4% Christians. The consensus of 1941 showed the distribution being 40.2%, 46.6% and 4.5 % respectively; there were 17,466 Christians and of those nearly 13,000 were Roman Catholics who were mostly of Portuguese extraction i.e. Goans. The remaining about 4500 Christians were Europeans and most of them were British. The Roman Catholics mostly centred on and around the St. Patrick's Church.

Here are the earliest of the beautiful historic churches of Karachi.

Holy Trinity Cathedral

This is the Diocese seat of Karachi for the Church of Pakistan Church.

As early as 1844, Sir Charles Napier, Governor of Sindh promised "to take the earliest opportunity to cause a Church and School to be built, but he saw no immediate prospect of this being effected." In the meanwhile he gave an order "for a temporary accommodation to be built in which Europeans may assemble for Public Worship." This was the first major church in Karachi which was established in 1844 and built in 1855.

In 1847 Government sanctioned Rs. 52,000/- for the building of Holy Trinity Church, but even so it was not till 1850 that the first plan and estimate was submitted by a Captain Trehinhere. A further long delay occurred due to a difference of opinion between the engineers. In November 1851 a new set of plans by Captain John Hill of the Bombay Engineers was finally approved. The circular apse was adopted at the suggestion of Mr. Frere, Commissioner in Sindh as being cheap and adaptable to the climate. It was recommended that the Tower be raised into a Tower for Bells for which an expenditure of Rs. 56,612/- was finally sanctioned by the Government in 1852, and the foundation stone of Holy Trinity Church was laid by Mr. Frere on 9th September 1852. John Brunton made some changes to the original plan given by Captain Hill, during the construction. After the death of Charles Napier, in August 1853, a public meeting held in Karachi resolved to place a memorial window in Trinity Church in his honour.

The Church built from local buff-coloured Gizri stone, completed in 1855 at the cost of Rs. 56,612 and became one of the landmark buildings of Karachi in that era. It was thus the largest and among the oldest church of the city. It had nearly 15 acres of land and was not walled until 1868. It accommodated 800 people. The two bells were put up in 1856 and the clock in 1864.

Trinity churches were built by the Trinity Board along the coast of England from the mouth of the Thames to Portsmouth as well as in British India. The churches served as lighthouses by having beacons installed on their towers, in return for which they were provided with funds. Its square five-storeyed tower rose to about 250 ft. and so made a suitable lighthouse and landmark for vessels approaching Karachi harbour. When the foundations showed signs of weakness, two stories of the tower were removed for safety in 1904 reducing it to 110 ft. tall and the hut style roof was replaced by visible curved top; a new barrel vaulted roof was put in place in the 1970s.

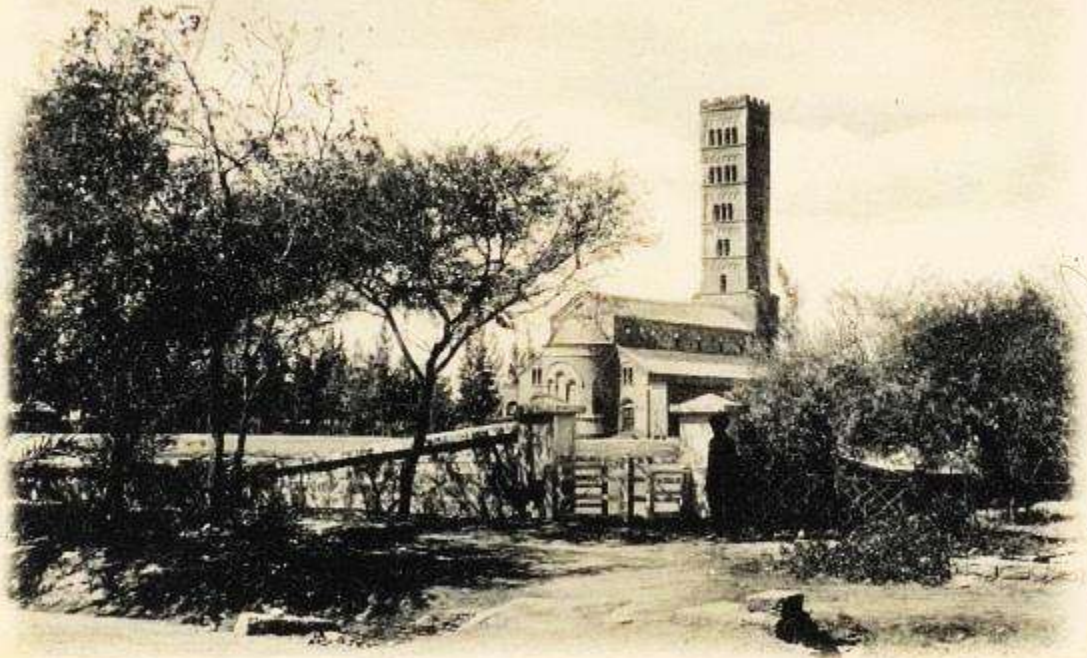


1866



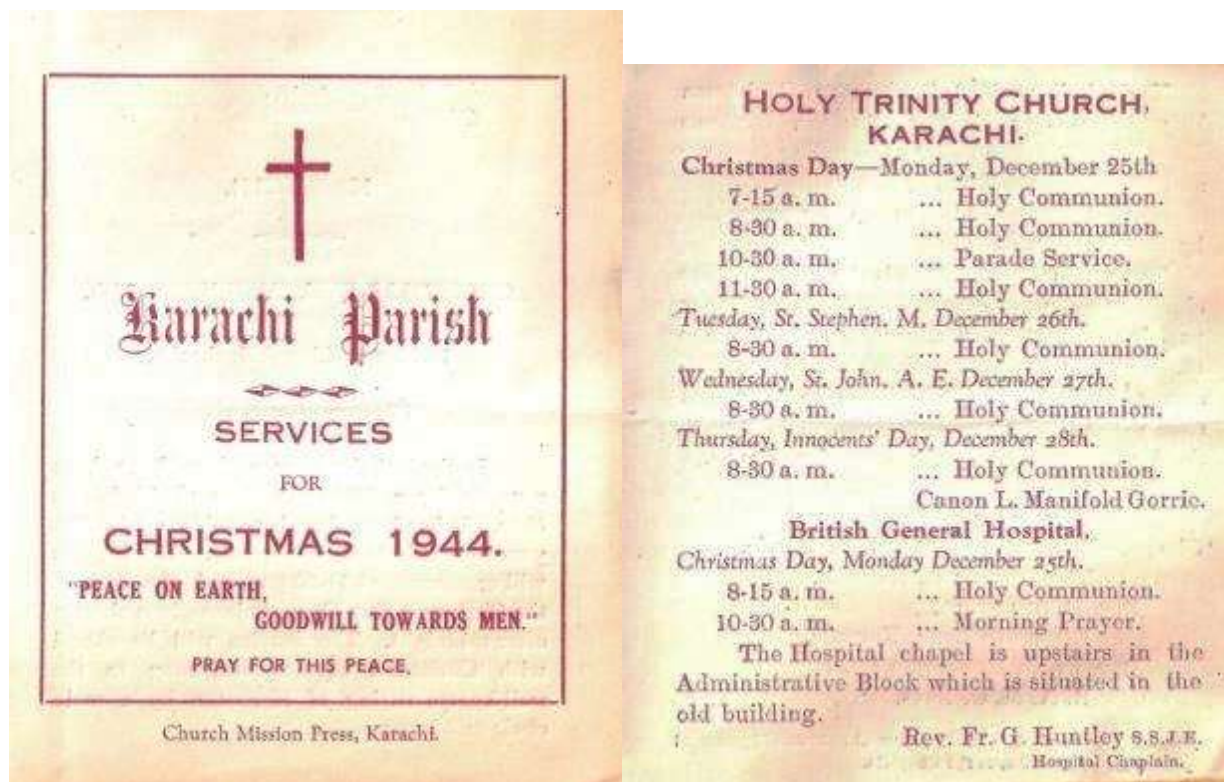
1942

Bremner, Quetta. (No. 27)



TRINITY CHURCH, KARACHI.





Saint Andrew's Church

It is also known as the Scottish or Scotch Presbyterian Church. It was built in 1868 by the architect T G Newnham, a Chief Resident Engineer of the Sindh Railway, for the Presbyterian Scottish Mission. The foundation stone of the Anglican St. Andrew's Church or Scotch Church was laid in February 1867 by Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief of the Army at Bombay. The building was completed the following year at a cost of Rs. 56,300 of which Rs. 25,000 were contributed by the Government. It has a blend of Romanesque and Gothic styles and has pointed arches. The entrance of the church by means of the octagonal porch is unusual in its design. The lighting effect is created by the large rose window, which is eighteen feet in diameter. The nave of St Andrew's is over one hundred feet long and provides seating for 400 people.

The land was acquired from British government; that is why the land of this church was a joint venture with local congregation and British government. It was stated in his property document that land of the church would not be sold in any kind of shape even by congregation or government and that it is totally and finally for Christian prayer services. A letter written by Lamhert Major, the then collector to Karachi to the then assistant chaplain W. Middleton vouches for the mentioned fact, 'That they will bind themselves forever not to erect any building

on the ground except the Church alone, no parsonage or dwelling house of any sort except, if necessary, a gatehouse, and not the latter until after the plan has been approved by the Managing Committee (of Karachi Municipality)’.

It was used by ‘foreigners’ till 1947. In 1969 Urdu services were commenced here by the Christians living in Saddar. It is now in affiliation with church of Pakistan for prayer management manner after merger with the Church of Pakistan in 1970 when Protestant Churches across the country united. Four denominations came together: Anglican, Methodist, Lutheran and Presbyterian (Scottish) from four Dioceses.





Saint Paul's Church

This is a Protestant Church which was built in 1864 in Manora and is located besides the Lighthouse. St. Paul's Church was erected as a memorial to Sir Charles Napier who conquered the Sindh for the British. This conquest was made possible with the capture of Manora and Karachi in 1939.

The church was built using limestone from the Hands' Hill Quarries (located 3 miles from Karachi) and the conglomerate of Manora. It features the style of early English architecture and has a simple but traditional exterior. The church consists of a nave (which is 43 feet in length and 20 feet wide), without aisles, a vestry and a small assembly hall. The interior of the church designed to seat 50 persons, featured a cathedral style ceiling of wooden trusses, four lancet windows and three light stained windows. Constructed at a cost of Rs. 15,000, it took a year to complete the building and was consecrated in 1865. The Government contributed Rs. 4,000 of the cost.

In the early years of St. Paul's church, the congregation was mostly made up of area residents as well as by the crews of the harbour vessels. Its services were conducted every Sunday by one of the Government chaplains stationed in Karachi.

Over the years multiple alterations have been made to the church and the original exterior of the church have been completely cemented over.



Saint Patrick's Cathedral

This is the seat of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Karachi.

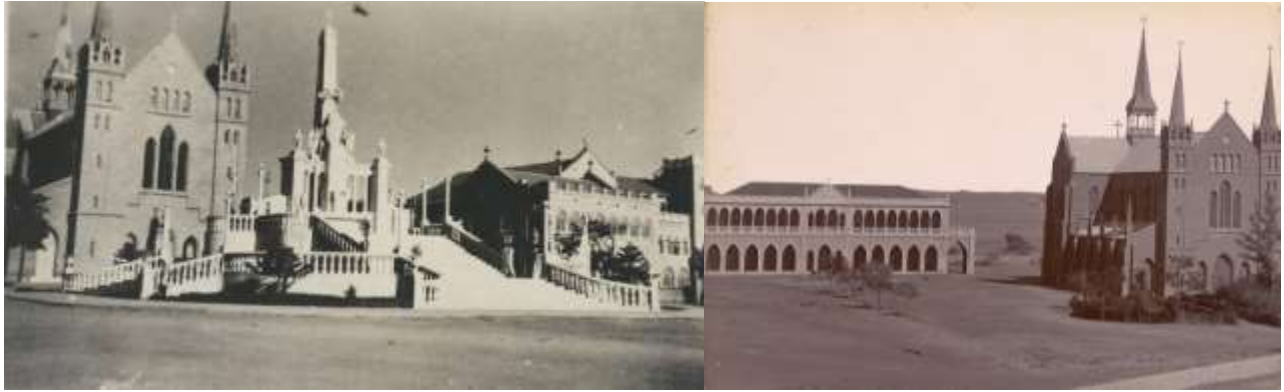
Possibly the first church in Sindh was established in Thatta and this was the second. It was initially built as a small church on the grounds of this cathedral in 1845 and was called St. Patrick's Church. It was situated in the military cantonment to the east of Saddar bazar in a walled enclosure of just over 2 acres, a portion of which was formerly used as a graveyard. The church was erected by subscription at a cost of Rs. 6000. Money for the church was raised by Charles Napier, the Governor (1843-47) of Sindh, and his staff, together with funds from the Catholic community in Karachi. To start with it would seat 600 – 700 people.

As the Christian community grew, there was a need for a larger premises and it was in 1881 that the present cathedral was opened. It was the last of the grand church buildings built by the British in Karachi. However, the old building of the church as well continued to function until its destruction in 1885 by a storm.

Designed by three members of the *Society of Jesus*, the architect of the cathedral was Father Karl Wagner whereas the construction was supervised by the lay Brothers George Kluver and Herman Lau. It was built in Gothic Revival architecture and measures 52 metres by 22 metres, with a capacity of at least 1,500 worshippers at the same time. It became the largest church in Karachi.

In 1931, the magnificent white marble structure "Monument to Christ the King" was added to the Cathedral grounds to commemorate the memory of the Jesuit Mission in Sindh.

The Gazetteer of the Province of Sindh described the cathedral as: "Its exterior is not ornamental, though striking from a distance, but money and art have been lavished on the interior. The chancel, itself spacious, acquires a special impressiveness but its additional height, while the noble contours of the aspiring altar are seen to the best advantage. The whole interior is painted in oil and the windows are all of stained glass, the members of the congregation."



Christ Church (Church Mission Society Church)

Christchurch, which is also known as the Church Mission Society Church, dates back to 1856. The patron of the church was Henry Preedy, the Bazaar Master and first Collector of Karachi. The Church is situated in the same compound as the Church Mission School founded in 1846 and the Kutchery, a meeting place, built in 1855. This compound was passed onto the Church Mission Society in 1853.

The Mission Church located at the junction of the Lawrence and Mission Roads was established in a walled enclosure of 6 -8 acres with several detached out buildings. The school house, in the same enclosure, had a central hall and two large side rooms with spacious verandahs, the whole accommodating some 200 pupils. This is where M A Jinnah later had part of his early education. It had an early English style structure. Its foundation stone was laid by the Bishop of Bombay in 1865 and it was opened to divine services in January 1866. It incurred a cost of Rs. 22,000 and required additional Rs. 4000 for the tower and steeple. Church Missionary Society began its work in 1850.



Sughra Rababi's

Art for a Cause

By

Professor Karrar Hussain

January 1994

The News

(This is a tribute to a noted Pakistani artist Sughra Rababi, mother of one our class fellows Zeba Fatima Vanek.)

Sughra Rababi has, through a long career, celebrated the beauty of life and world and has sought to approach and interpret the underlying meaning consonant with her deep, simple humanity. She loves nature, not wild and terrific and red in teeth and claw but precious little things, humanized and domesticated and refined – flowers diverse in color and shape unified into an object of art and a joy for the human habitation, homely pigeons spreading their wings in joyous companionship and conveying a touch of ennoblement to the human heart. She can effectively express and communicate the deep sympathy with the desolate and the forlorn, be it a gaunt, lonely, dripping tree in a rainy landscape or a girl, standing all lost, with her pitcher broken into shreds and all the water flowing out.

Her love of life and a sense of form and a clever manipulation of color can throw a web of dream over common sights of life and make them enchantingly uncommon. Paintings like The Bride or Women at Leisure, Two Sisters, Women Carrying Pitchers are brimful with the juice of life. Such figures are always in pairs or in company, and rightly so where the pageantry and not the mystery of life is underlined. For semblance and parity, corresponding or complimentary is the badge of creation, just as singularity, is the symbol of the Creator. She can reach to that joy which dwells at the heart of all creation and keeps it fresh and vibrant. In group themes, she can with a magic touch, bring into relief that innate infinity in the heart of man / woman which makes all humanity akin and thus catch the essential reality in formal beauty.

The themes which she chooses show her natural predilection for things of life that are simple, essential, familiar and even festal; and express her sympathy with instances of hard labor and patience and desolation. She draws her images from her immediate environment of Pakistan life. She seems to be specially drawn to the Rajesthani form of female beauty, found specially, in eastern Sindh. She has almost stylized this form, just as some masers are enamored of the standard type of Moghul female form.

Her art, like her personality exudes a spirit of sanity and composure, of insight and sympathy, of simple, natural spontaneity, and no wildness or gaudiness, nothing loud or uncontrolled.

But the world today is a troubled world, especially for the Muslim Millat and Sughra, though ensconced safely in her little, warm nest, but with her sensitivity and sympathy and awareness could not remain unaffected by it. She has watched the trials and tribulations of the Palestinians and barbarities perpetrated on the Bosnians and she has held several exhibitions of her art, in Pakistan and other countries as a religious obligation to support the cause of the oppressed, and has taken to the calligraphic painting of the Beautiful Names as an artist's contemplation and remembrance of God – an appeal and an innovation and a sanctification of her art.

Here are a few of her masterpieces for which we are grateful to Zeba.





D85 EXTENDS ITS BEST WISHES TO

MALALA YOUSUFZAI

THE YOUNGEST NOBLE PRIZE WINNER IN HISTORY



دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں

دیکھ! یہ بھی کہ میں	اور کئی مہیا	دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں
اب کرتی نہیں	اور یہ مجھے مرے	عملہ دہ مرے
آگتے لوگ ہیں	ماتھو لکھرا	دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں
ماتھو لکھرا	منازم ساز ہے	میرے دل کی رشتا
شرقیہ انسانیت	شور و پا ہوا	وقت کا فیصلہ
مردوں ایک چہ		دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں
یہ ہے دل کی رشتا	شان دہل چکے	الکڑی ہوئی ہے
وقت کا فیصلہ	پہول کھینے کو ہیں	میرے کی کہیں
	دیکھ! یہ رقص	کوڑوں میں جتا
آج رقص تو	میرے اچھے زہے	ہاتھ میں اسٹر
اور میں ترخو	یہاں کا گیت ہے	میرے پہلے ہوئے
	امن کا مارتے	سہانا ہوں چو
عملہ دہ مرے		کچھ کہہ کرے
دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں	اس سہارا میں	جو میرا وصل
یہ ہے دل کی رشتا	روشنی کا سفر	
وقت کا فیصلہ!	ہاں مراد خوب ہے	
	گھسٹ لکھروں میں ہوں	الکڑی ہوئی ہے
	جھلکا ادا	صبح کی تازگی
	دیکھ! زندہ ہوں میں	ہزاروں سے گھر

شارق علی

18.10.12

POETRY BY DOWITES

SYED KHALID ANWER D86

This is why I love poetry!

At our monthly poetry meeting yesterday evening, I read few of my poems. Among them was this short poem:

Who Knows

Who knows
Why this bird sings
A simple yet clever marvel of nature
Fluttering around
And tweeting its melodic tune
Is it sheer happiness on the break of dawn
Or pure exhilaration of just being alive
Or wandering what wonders the break of day behold
Or is it simply a call of love

As I was reading this, I could see, one of my fellow poets, sitting at the back was all welling up. I was a bit surprised that this, being a happy poem, had this reaction on her. I could gather that this may have some resonance with her.

At the end of the session, I caught up with her and complimented on her poems. She said that she was very moved by my poem. Then she told me why.

She said that she was profoundly deaf, and after much persuasion by her husband and kids, she agreed to have her hearing sorted out. The first thing, she heard when she could hear was the bird song. Listening to the poem brought back all the memories and all its emotional connotations.

I was really moved myself.

This is the beauty and wonder and mystery of the words, having a profound effect, the connection, the associations.

You never know what poem could have an astounding effect on the listener!
I loved it.

SALEEM A KHANANI D85

November 01, 2014

روح میں جب ملال ہوتا ہے
تو میرے آس پاس ہوتا ہے
کوئی ہوتا ہے پاس ایسے میں
جب ہوا میں اداسی پھیلی ہو
نام اس کا بتاؤں کیسے میں
زندگی جس کے نام لکھدی ہو
اس سے مل کر نا کہ سکا تھا میں
آج لیکن یہ بات کہتا ہوں
جی تو لوں گا تیرے بغیر بھی میں
کس طرح سے مگر خدا جانے
جب کسی موڑ پر ملوں گا میں
تو مگر دیکھ کر نا پہچانے
وقت کے ہیں نقوش چہرے پر
دل نے کھائے ہیں زخم گہرے پر
اس سے بڑھ کر کوئی ستم ہوگا
تو کبھی میرا ہم قدم ہوگا
اجنبیت اس طرح عیاں ہوگی
تیری آنکھوں میں ایک لمحہ بھی
دیکھ کر مجھ کو میرے ہمارے ہی
میری صورت نا آشنا ہوگی

MASTERS OF URDU POETRY

JOHN ELIA

انگارے

تم

تمہارا نام

لیکن میں نے یہ نام پہلی بار تم سے ہی سنا ہے

کون ہو تم

کون تھیں تم

اب رہا میں یعنی میں

میں تو کبھی تھا ہی نہیں

تھا ہی نہیں میں

اور سارے کاغذوں پر صرف انگارے لکھے ہیں

صرف انگارے

تم مجھے بتاؤ تو۔۔۔

تم نے مجھ کو لکھا ہے، میرے خط جلا دیجے
مجھ کو فکر رہتی ہے آپ انہیں گنوا دیجے
آپ کا کوئی ساتھی دیکھ لے تو کیا ہو گا
دیکھیے میں کہتی ہوں یہ بہت بُرا ہو گا

○

میں بھی کچھ کہوں تم سے اے مری فروزینہ
ز شکِ سرو سیمینا
اے بہ ناز کی مینا
اے بہ جلوہ آئینہ
میں تمہارے ہر خط کو لوحِ دل سمجھتا ہوں
لوحِ دل جلا دوں کیا
سطر سطر ہے ان کی، کہکشاں خیالوں کی
کہکشاں اُٹا دوں کیا
جو بھی حرف ہے ان کا، نقشِ جانِ شیریں ہے
نقشِ جان مٹا دوں کیا
ان کا جو بھی نقطہ ہے، ہے سوادِ بینائی

میں انہیں گنوا دوں کیا

لوحِ دل جلا دوں کیا

کہکشاں اُٹا دوں کیا

نقشِ جاں مٹا دوں کیا

O

مجھ کو ایسے خط لکھ کر اپنی سوچ میں شاید

جرم کر گئی ہو تم

اور خیال آنے پر اس سے ڈر گئی ہو تم

جُرم کے تصور میں گر یہ خط لکھے تم نے

پھر تو میری رائے میں جُرم ہی کئے تم نے

اے مری فروزینہ

دل کی جانِ زرّینا

رنگ رنگ رنگینا

بات جو ہے وہ کیا ہے

تم مجھے بتاؤ تو ----

میں تمہیں نہیں سمجھا

تم سمجھ میں آؤ تو

جُرم کیوں کیے تم نے

خط ہی کیوں لکھے تم نے